

"Savage Nights' explodes pieties and certainties about sex which makes the film angry and insolent and exciting to watch."

- Stephen Farber, MOVIELINE

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SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing in the paper is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of the people who put it together. The topics included are also contributed. If you don't agree with what is said, or you feel something is missing then you should do something about it... write. All submissions must be received no later than the 26th of the preceding month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent We ask that you keep your writing short and to the point. This gives us more room for more people's writing. We thank you for your continued support and hope we can do this for a verv long time.

Send Us Your Stuff SLUG STAFF P.O. Box 1061 Salt Lake City, Utah 84110-1061

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April's cover was drawn by Dayna Kerns. In trying to keep a variety of art work styles on the cover, this plece was chosen.

Dayna is a U of U graduate who graduated in Print making. She is currently employed at a slik screening place. It seems like most art-ists who have designed covers for the papers work in screening of some way or another. She is currently working on a piece to make available to the public.

Consequently, Dayna is the artist who drew the plece for the Growin Graphics ad that had everybody all up in arms. It seems strange that most of the complaints and letters were from women and the piece was drawn by a woman...go figure!

Her main interest is to make experiencing art visuallylike they do music. Music is such an accessible form of art, and visual art is so overlooked. People buy a bands music but rarely take time to study the cover or the inner art. Dayna says she would like to help bridge the gap.

If you are interested in getting her to do your stuff, give her a call at 328-9155

If you are interested in submitting a cover, do so. The art work must fit into a 8" x 10.5" and must be and must reproducable. We will accept any kind of submissions. If you are drawing the design, draw a new logo. If you want to use a second color, do the overlay yourself. If you have any questions call 468-6294.



Dear Dickhead

Concerning Shuman's local column, I would like to thank Jon for the attention in last month's issue. However, I would like to clear some things up. RU Dead music is only involved with local releases and shows and is not responsible for Food Not Bombs or Autonomy House Collective. These are separate groups of dedicated people who deserve credit for their accomplishments and efforts, not RU Dead. This was simply a lack of communication between Jon and I when he asked me for info on different projects I was involved with. The column is a good idea but credit must go where credit is due. Also, Jon, you said you have your own opinions as to the validity of these projects, I would love to hear them some-

Now. I have some words for Stimboy. The name is Wovoka and one of the singers, Charity, is a girl. I hope you can still enjoy us.

Peace, Love, Anarchy. Thanx, Duane

Dear DICKHEADS.

I dreamed the continent was healed and Bison, Wolf and Grizzly again did their dance of life, and death, in Utah, and the Uintas, and across North America. I dreamed I heard the old ongues, the true languages, being spoken all over my ancestral home--Alba,

Cymru and Eire-Tha Gaidhlig againn. Idreamed Salt Lake bands got the recognition they deserved and successfully toured abroad while visiting bands followed Fugazi's lead and only charged \$5. And, I dreamed Salt Lake's best band was featured in the March issue of SLUG.

Finally, Doghouse was featured in SLUG. This eclectic, unforgettable and great band deserves everybody's support.

It's about time. Will miracles never cease? Sincerely, Gary

Dear Dickheads,

Your review of the band Woboka was in your usual good form. As always, you are objective and your ears are in tune. However, get your eyes fixed. These guys as you call them have one delightful form up front called Sweet Charity. She is belting some of the more slow melodious stuff you liked.

Some constructive information for the band:

1) For the energetic guy with the wonderful hair-Crotch groping now and then is exotic but constantly it looks like jock itch

2) For the second guitar, tone down and tune in-miracle ear

3) For the band—keep up the good work!

Ginger Snap

THANX

Before anything else we here at SLUG would like to thankall the participants and sponsors of this year's Bowling tournament. If you were there you know how much fun it all was. If you missed it than you missed out. Bonwood Bowl, Budweiser, Burts Tiki, Freewheeler, and the Private Eye all helped to make it all possible.

I must, however, apologize for my choice of Benefits for this years event. Next year I will find a sponsor that will be a bit more grateful and not laugh in your faces. I don't question the validity of their service just their actions. My apologies if anyone was offended. Next year we'll make it all easier and just give the money to the N.R.A. or maybe NASA...everyone like spaceships. Enough on that. Please come out net year, we really do have a great time

Sam Black Church

Let In Life **TAANG!** Records

Looking for some thoroughly modern hardcore, thrash-metal? Boston's TAANC! Records found this band in the Boston underground. It is kind of a departure for a label with the likes of the Lemonheads and the Swirlies on their roster.

Sam Black Church goes over the common themes, the Apocalypse, life post-Apocalypse, media misinformation forced on impressionable young minds, love and racism. They are not concerned with mutilating young virgins, or fucking dead bodies. As the title reads, "Let In Life." They have a bleak outlook on the current state of society, their message is of the power of love and curiously, a recurring theme that life after the bomb drops will be better.

Theirpost-apocalypse song, "Big Barbeque" has the words, "rotting to death, but thank God I'm free," in the last verse. A commie computer made a big barbeque and the remaining humans are reduced to survival, not consumerism. "Re-alive" is another "afterthe-bomb" song. It ends with these lyrics, "if the firebird is unleashed, love will blossom and ravage, you burn and live alive." Bring on the mil-

Black Church offers these thoughts; "motherfucker-you're missing it, you classify yourself as an idiot, with every racist word you shit, widen your eyes, let in life." Are you skinheads paying attention?

Lead vocalist Jet lets loose with speed raps that are more freestyle scat than singing. Bassist Richard Lewis thinks he's operating a chainsaw, not a musical instrument. Drummer, J.R. Roach has an endless supply of firecrackers hidden inside his drum set, he sets them off two packs at a time. Jet's brother Ben Crandell is the guitarist and he kicks in every now and then with a solo just to let you know the band has a guitarist.

Find a dark slimy place filled with mold, mildew, snakes, spiders, rats and plenty of love then...crank this fucker up.

by Wa

Machines of **Loving Grace** Concentration

Mammoth/Atlantic

Machines of Loving Grace appeared at DV8 with My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult in November. In the past they've shared bills with The Wolfgang Press, Peter Murphy, and The Swans. This is not a band for shiny happy people.

Plug this platter into the CD player and the digital readout of over 74 minutes is a depressing prospect. It appears to have more than the all to common amount of filler. Do I have to sit through 74 minutes of this commercial noise aimed at an audience of

moronic teenagers?

The CD's actual length is about 45 minutes. The last song has long minutes of silence punctuated by a spoken "don't fool yourself," every five minutes or so.

The Machines have composed yet another soundtrack for the Apocalypse. Their soundtrack is one to pack in the 72 hour emergency kit along with plenty of batteries and a boombox. Pass the time in the bunker dancing.

The samples and synthesized noodling of this dance album are overshadowed by live instruments. The bass, guitar, keyboards, and drums are all played by living, breathing humans. The Machines bring everything from "progressive" Emerson Lake and Palmer and Yes to power chording Dead Boys together on

"Concentration." Add strings, a talent for pop melodies and some ranting and raving samples to a basic industrial dance format, crank up the volume and at least enjoy your hopelessly dreary depressing life.

The Electric Hellfire Club Burn Baby Burn

Cleopatra Records

This album should go over big with Utah's hidden cults of ritualistic, satanicchild abusers. The album opens with an invocation to Satan. The CD booklet contains their mission statement. "We renounce God, We renounceGod's church, House of Fraud, home of hypocrites and fools. We renounce God's son, We renounce Jesus Christ, liar and weakling! The King of the Slaves. We renounce God's word, We renounce the Holy Bible, the laws of Cowardice, supreme Book of Lies. We invoke the Kingdom of Darkness, We exorcise the Holy Spirit, and We claim this place in the name of Satan! Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Hell...Forever and ever and ever." Somehow I'm reminded of the Church Lady.

The Electric Hellfire Club is led by Thomas Thorn (aka Buck Ryder) formerly with My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult. According to press materials he left the Kult because they were getting too mainstream. His new band's name is taken from the original Hellfire Club: an English gentlemen's club formed in 1752 that dedicated themselves to "black magick, sexual orgies and political conspiracies." The back of the CD contains a goat's head inside a pentagram.

If the current crop of major label industrial bands has you searching for something a little harder, or if you are baffled by rows upon rows of mostly mediocre techno albums check this one out. Some of the samples are priceless. A young child describes how Satan will give him anything he wants, all he has to do is ask; a woman tells Satan she loves him and the sounds of a whipping are accompanied by a woman's begging cry, "Master, please don't hurt me."

The album has two songs with hallucinogens as the subject matter, "Psychedelic Sacrifice" and "The Electric Hellfire Acid Test." The song "Black Bus" has sound bites from a bus driver describing the Haight Ashbury district of San Francisco for group of tourists. Don't go ingesting huge amounts of LSD while listening to this album, you might end up like Art Linkletter's daughter. Chew up a few mushrooms and prepare for an extreme, exotic and enlightening trip into the dark netherworld of Thomas Thorn's mind.

by Wa

Pop Sickle **Under the Influences** C/Z Records

When hardcore quartet Coffir Break took a hiatus to catch their collective breaths after collective breaths after heavy touring, they were doing us a double favor. Bass guitarist Rob Skinner, whose poppy Composition are visually buried in the band's fulllength releases, used the break to form a side project, Pop Sickle, with Alcohol funny var guitarist Ben Londor and Gits drummer Steve Moriarty The end result: one of the best poppunk records you're liable to hear for quite some time. "Adrian," about a battered girlfriend, and "Lost Myself" spectacularly show off Skinner's nearly anelic' tenor, whole London and Moriarty aren't wasted. The tricevens throws in a decent cover of Mission of Burma's "(That's When I Reach for My) Revolver." For good measures.

Unfortunately, this is all too good to last. Skinner says he intends to return to Coffin Break, Leaving Pop Sickleas a refreshingly brief side effort If only the situation was reversed.

—Jeff Reptile

Jello Biafra and Mojo Nixon (with the Toad

Liquors)

Praire Home Invasion Alternative Tentacles Records

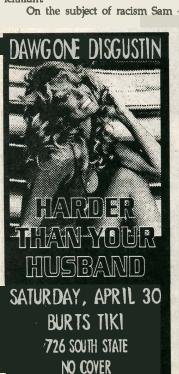
He's back!

You either love him or loathe him, but Jello Biafra is anything but predictable. Having taken time of (wisely) since the horrid Tumor Circus album (with Steele Plol Bathtub) Biafra (aka Eric Boucher) has turned up where you'd least expect himwith sick and wrong hillbilly Mojo Nixon in tow.

Covering folk classics like "Love Me, I'm a Liberal," "Atomic Power" and "Convoy in the Sky," The former featuring wicked new lyrics by Biafra the boys come up with something original-folk infected with Biafra's venom and Mojo's smarmy charms.

Best of all, the Toad Liquors (keyboardist Pete Gordon, drummer Wid Middlwton and bass guitaris Sean McCarthy) finally give Biafra the musical support he's needed since the Dead Kennedys disbanded. Scoff is you will, but don't be surprised to be humming some of these numbers especially "Will the fetus be Aborted?"

—Jeff Reptile







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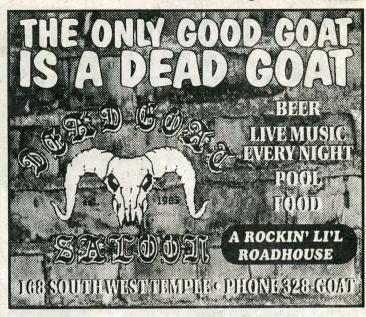
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INTERVIEW

The topic of spirituality or religion has always been one of conflict and controversy in the punk/hardcore and SXE scenes. Bands like Born Against and Bad Religion have openly defied it, while others bands like Bad Brains and Shelter have openly enbraced it.

Whether or not we, as individuals, agree or disagree with religion inside or outside the scene makes no difference-it is obviously a part of this thing we call "core".

SXE Born Again Christians, Feminist Pagans, Rasta Punks, Charlie Manson Sympathizers and Hare Krsna's have been among the few groups I've seen involved in bands, zines, show attendance, etc. On more than one occasion I've heard of band members from our local scene here in Utah putting music involvement on the back burner to follow the beckon call of Angel Moroni's trumpet. Agree or disagree-accept or reject-religion is a part of our subculture and there is no reason to take offense. Uncle Ezra wouldn't want you to take offense (or would he?)

Please read on...

INTERVIEW WITH WIM, VOCALIST FOR BLINDFOLD

Dan: Who does what in Blindfold? Wim: Hans plays Guitar, Socha is on drums, Jan plays bass, and I sing.

Dan: How long has Blindfold been together as a band?

Wim: We've been together since September '91. We've played 46 shows since then.

Dan: I know you guys have your 7" (Sober Mind Meditation) available-does Blindfold have any other recordings available? Any plans for Blindfold recordings to be made available in the future?

Wim: We did another 7" before the Sobre Mind Meditation. It's called "Deprogrammers Do Not Exist". Maybe some kid doing a distribution still has some, but we're out. We'll have a CP/CD out on CONOUER THE WORLD Recs by Jan.

Dan: What is the scene like in Belgium? What kind of response does Blindfold get in Belgium? Wim: It's small. Sometimes it's selfish and childish. Somethimes Idon't want to be a part of it. We get a good response. When we play HC-shows, sometimes people will hate us for being SXE. They seem to have a problem with that. Its one more reason to be it, ha. But we also play non-HC shows, more into the rock-grunge

circut. It's strange, in HC-terms we play pretty soft, emo music. In the grunge-thing, we're this totally underground, raw band talking between songs (how strange) about vegetarianism, sexism...

Dan: I like your lyrics a lot-what inspires you to write lyrics and sing for a Hard Core Band?

Wim: What inspires me to write my lyrics is things that happen in this little around. The ego-boosting, the sexism I see. Whether I would sing in a hard-core band or not makes no difference.

Dan:Ibelieve spirituality can help the hard-core scene, I feel spirituality has a place in hard-core—I've had some discouraging experiences with organized religion/spiritual movements, but I'm not going to let that discouragement get in the way of my search for for truth or my appreciation of personalities like Christ, Buddha or Krishna. How do you feel about spirituality? How do you feel about the spiritual appreciation that's been prevalent in the hard-core scene:

Wim: Not only the HC -scene, but the whole world needs a different picture. I wish people would have a more holistic view on their position. We want to have everything in control. I'm not talking about curing disease, because if you can cure somebody, why wouldn't you? But the price of that is sometimes high. We just want to be masters over everything that lives. Why can't we see animals as equals? I too became interested in the Hare Krishna movement, but I didn't bite. It's about accepting packages of opinions. About money and Ady-war messages and that's where it gets wrong. As far as spirituality in HC I see lots of people who have big mouths on equality, anti-sexism and communication, people who are so called 'political." But you find them to be sealed bodies when you want to talk to them if you have personal problems. They are loud when it comes to anti-sexism in society, but cannot live up to it in their own band or relationship. They are zeros as persons. No one ever thinks they could be wrong themselves. Admitting it would bring them from their mountain and they can not take that. Sober Mind means drug-free, yes, but also a lot more, It means being down-to-earth, not putting others down for your own benefit.

Dan: What would you (Wim) like to accomplish in the future; musically, spiritually, etc.?

Wim: I'd like Blindfold to keep being what it is. There's fire between us when we play and rehearse. I'd like to find out who of my "friends" I can really count on.

Dan: Any Final comments?

Wim: Thanks for the nice interview. Good luck with the zine and WATERFRONT. Thanks to anybody wanting to read my answers.

Interview by Dan
Look Within Productions

Any Reaction To:

Wim BLINDFOLD Hogeney 316 8930 Memen Belgium

Writers Wanted!

If you have a knack for writing, we'd love to print it.

Submissions must be received by the 25th preceeding the upcoming issue. Writing, poems, short stories and art must be legible or reproducable. Submissions can be presented on disc. (3.5 " disc, Apple preferred - ME Dos is also acceptable.)

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EMERCY CUBE

Feudalism? Fabulous!

Just look at People Magazine these days--Princess Diana mistreated by British tabloids, driven to tears by her own often testy subjects. Just look at Newsweek-Bill Clinton a, well, let's just say 'less than stellar' leader. Not to mention that erratic hair. Take away his good qualities, like his compulsive lying, backstabbing, and utter disregard for principles like sexual fidelity to your significant other, and what's left of him? Hm.

I think all of us are probably slowly and unconsciously coming to the same undeniably correct conclusion—the realization that this whole American Revolution and "Experiment in Democracy" thing was just a ghastly mistake and it's time to pack it in and pick up the pieces while we still can. Here's the scenario:

Diana hates her hubby, Prince Bigears. Bigears hates Diana. Prefers mannish woman who looks like a cross between Jane Hathaway and a burn victim. Meanwhile Princess Di, this elegant, gorgeous (ah, all the more so as the years go by, and the wistful sadness in her haunting eyes...), strong and independent woman, let's face it, will never be Queen of England. All right then. How about other job opportunities for a mistreated blueblood? Nuclear science? Me thinks not. Relief Society President? Hm. How about...Queen of

Okay. Chuck and Di divorce. Di moves to America, specifically Washington D.C., sets up in the recently vacated White House (Bill having voluntarily demoted himself to Minister of Propaganda, you see) and receives a holy anointing and coronation in the Capitol Rotunda that'll have CNN and C-SPAN salivating for a lifetime of yearly anniversary retrospectives. Democracy ends and Donna Karan joins the Cabinet. Added bonus to monarchal authoritarianism: we'd never see a Rock the Vote ad again.

And the tourism! The tourism! Wouldn't it be way cooler going to D.C. to see Di's stunning American crown jewels in the Smithsonian rather than trudging up glumly to the National Archives to see some Postum-stained looking declaration that just reminds us of all the entertaining (and so God damn distracting) spectacle we gave up two-hundred years ago? Just think, in twenty years Great Brittain went from an unparalleled world Reich to a backwater dorf with a world influence roughly equivelled to Manti, Utah with nary a Brit noticing the slide at all. Queen Di can at least hypnotize us into bliss as our nation slides into its already inevitable decline.

There we have it, Fellow glamphiles, Queen Di of America and King Chuckko of England. Their son Wills inherits both thrones and in one brilliant swoop ends the great failed experiment. A neat and tidy symmetry to please the MacNeil Lehrer Folks to no end. If you think it would have been fun hanging out at monkey-boy Josef Goebbels' bonfire parties, just imagine the privilege of a ticket to watch 'king Willis of greater America' give the Declaration of Independence a nice taste of his plastic Bic lighter.

Oh, be quiet, I can hear the hissing, but let's face it. Just let these following words wash in waves over the sandy seashores of your fundamentally philistine monds: Reagan, Bush, Clinton, Johnson, Hoover, Fillmore (well, strike that, he was actually pretty cool), and so on and so on with just one big AAAAARRGHH. When Democracy the Beautiful puts these guys in, there's nobody to blame for them but ourselves. With America the Monarchy (Absolute, of course.) If we get a wanker, it's just bad luck of the draw. Sometimes a Philosopher-King, sometimes a Fergie. Waiting to see what's next is half the fun. And we the unwashed public get a guiltfree lifetime of bitching about 'em. After all, we didn't pick 'em.

And hey, even the bad ones at least tend to dress well.

-Mark S. Melville

MOVIA REVIEWS



HIGH WAY PATROL

When I heard that there was a film called Highway Patrolman, I automatically assumed it was some insipid Hollywood remake of an even cheesier old television show. What I didn't expect it to be was a damn fine Mexican film. financed by a Japanese conglomerate and directed by a Brit. While Alex Cox has come up with some notable films in specifically past, Repoman, and Sid and Nancy, Highway Patrolman is, in many ways, his best film to

In his films, Cox has a predilection for portraying the fringe dwellers in a society. His antiheroes are malcontents and anarchists unable and unwilling to adhere to the moral status quo they find themselves mired in. With Highway Patrolman he inverts this premise; here we have an idealistic and morally honest cop in a society where corruption is the norm.

The hero, Pedro, gets some inkling of his situation early on. In the highway patrol academy, he is told that everyone is guilty. It's just a matter of finding out what

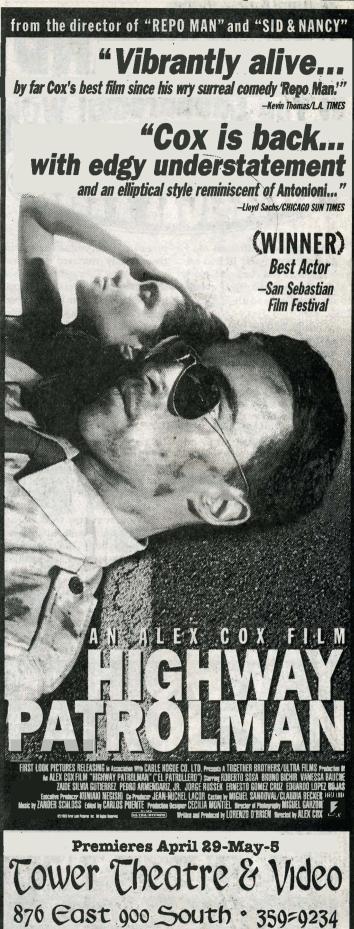
they're guilty of after they've been pulled over. Once on border patrol, he is more often than not casually offered a bribe to look the other way. Even his wife, who is about to Bobbitize him with a butcher knife for spending a night at a whorehouse, quickly forgives him when he shows her the wad of extra money he has made on the side.

Nor does Cox allow us the vicarious thrill of the superhuman cop against the forces of evil. When Pedro gets in a gunfight after pulling over a couple of drunk thugs, he is shot in the knee and left with a limp. His best friend is killed in a shootout with drug runners while he is helpless to do anything but listen to it over the police radio. In both cases the perpetrators escape easily, leaving us as well as Pedro to wonder why he continues to try apprehend such miscreants. In the end, unable to reconcile his morals with his profession, his ultimate "fuck you" to the highway patrol comes as no surprise.

Cox has fashioned a gritty realistic film that pulls no punches in portraying a grim and somewhat dispirited culture. I

highly recommend it.

-Joe Video



feature BAND The Laundromal Willer PARILER PARIL

I have just seen this band and I feel better about myself. JR told me punk was dead and I believed. Now I've seen that obligatory light, even if it is a sad, dim light, and it is TRAILOR PARK.

Actually JR was the one that dragged me over to the Bar & Grill to see these guys for the first time. The first thing I noticed was Lambchop. That saccharin coated, childhood puppet impaled on lead singer and bass player Mike Mayo's microphone stand. Next the heavy digging guitars by Mark Earl and Gaylon Justice struck me hard, incredibly hard. And on the shinny drums in back is babyfaced Leif Myerburg.

Mike spent the entire show leaping around the stage on his tippy toes like some ugly ballerina. He and Gaylon switch off on vocals during a few of the songs giving the band a touch of trashy funk. The guitars keep getting louder and louder and Leif transforms into a murderous little imp, and I had to laugh. These boys can kick your fat coffee-house ass.

Perhaps two of their most melodious and love inspiring songs, "Crack Pipe" and "Milk," obviously originated from years of mistreating their already overtaxed central nervoussystems. Their ignorance-is-bliss attitude provided enough fallacous courage and banter to keep me entertained. They give you the impression that they definitely were condemned to a childhood in some fucking trailor park in Magna. They were the ones hanging out at the laundromat, playing asteroids, passin' around the bottle of Robitussin, giggling insidiously, then blazing off in a herd of skateboards.

I first interviewed the band after the glory that was the Slog Bowlathon, where, by the way, I had the chance to see more scumbags then I've seen in quit a while. Some of these punks hadn't seen the sun since before there were inversions.

Well, somehow we'd all managed to acquire quite a bit of good humor. Maybe this had something to do with the free beer and pizza that the bar provided. Mike had even bowled an ungodly 178 or some shit.

Not much was learned during the interview except that we were all too drunk to be doing an interview. Actually a few things did come across:



Trailor Park has known each other "since forever." Their numerous influences include: Flaming Lips, Quicksand Bark Market and Jesus Lizard. They all prefer ribbed or lubricated, except for Gaylon who enjoysticklers. They are not from Magna. They are all from Salt Lake City. So I asked, "What's up with Magna?"

Leif: Don't like it.

Mike: Smells bad.

Mark: Where's Magna?

Gaylon: What's a mangan? Then of course the next question would be. "Where's your skateboards?"

> Leif: In my closet. Mike: In my closet.

Mark: In my basement. Gaylon: (proudly) Disas-

sembled.

Who's Lambchop?

Leif: Our last meal.

And the question that's been incessantly gnawing at us all, "Role models for today, how do you handle the pressure?"

Leif: I can't handle the pressure. I masturbate frequently."

Mike: Never been a role model. Never wanted to be. I didn't want anybody to grow up and be like meincluding myself."

Mark: Never wanted to be anybody. Never wanted anybody to be me.

Gaylon: Never was anybody, never will be.

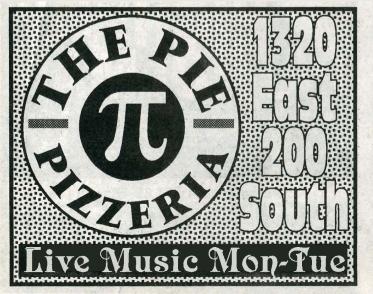
Recently they warmed up for Gruntruck, at the Zephyr, where they up-staged and all but humiliated them. If Gruntruck and the rest of the of the sorry locals didn't notice, I did. Trailor Park has enough violent energy to make Reverend Heat piss in his boots.

Mike told me, "Everybody thinks we're pissed off. Gosh, you guys are angry. Angry? God! We're having a good time!"

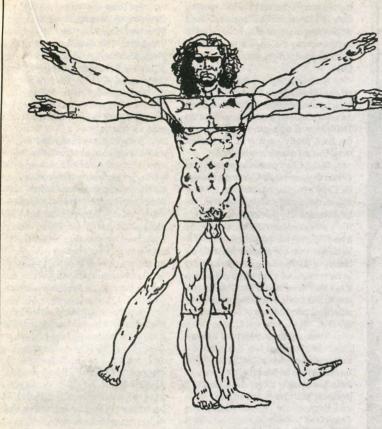
Go give these guys a listen. I'm not saying their the next Lynyrd Skynard or anything. Hell, they've got their problems, but if you're looking for some not-so-good, not-so-clean fun.. Mike, Earl, Leif, and Gaylon will do you right.

Anyway, I told these guys if they got me drunk I'd write something nice. So there you go.

-Kici







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THE PINCH MENAGERIE DECOMPOSERS

COMIC BOOK REVIEWS

JACK KIRBY

"Jack Kirby is to comics what Picasso is to modern art ...Kirby is to comics what Louis Armstrong is to Jazz. They were thereat the birth of the new art formand strongly influenced it, even defined what the form was."

—Greg Theakston, quoted by Associated Press

Chancesare, unless you follow the comic book art form closely, you've never heard of Jack Kirby. This is an unfortunate shame, because Kirby was one of the most influential American artists of the 20th Century.

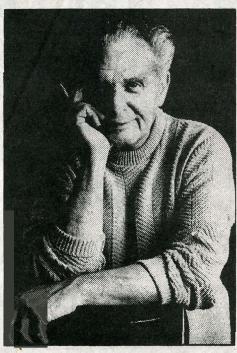
Kirby's illustrations wereexaggerated and largerthan-life, hernanaged to skew perspective, anatomy, and

facial expressions to an extent that his style became synonymous with comic book art in the 1960's. And, along the way, he (and writer Stan Lee) revitalized the sagging comic book industry, paving the way for recognition of comic books as an art form.

So who was Kirby? Well, he was born August 28, 1917 on the lower East SideofNew York. Kirby changed his name from Jacob Kurtzberg when he began his career in comic books in the early 1940's. At the age 18, Kirby was working for a newspaper syndicate (Newspaper Features), but graduated to Victor Fox's The Blue Beetle strip. Then, in the early 1940's Kirby and writer Joe Simon created the flagwaving super-hero Captain America. But it was after World War II that Kirby and Simons collaboration took off. With titles like Boys' Ranch, Newsboy Legion, and Young Love, Kirby was instrumental in popularizing comic book genres like romance, westerns, and "kid gangs." This period also saw the rise of "giant monster" comics that influenced the Japanese movies of the

However, the comic book industry languished in the middle 1950's after the paranoid anti-Communist atmosphere generated by the McCarthy hearings and the persecution of horror comics creator started by crackpot psychologist Dr. Frederic Wertham. The industry probably would have died from the stifling self-censorship imposed during this period had it not been for the rejuvenation of the super-hero comic.

The two men chiefly responsible for this change were Stab lee and Jack Kirby. Beginning with 1961's Fantastic Four, Lee



and other artists created a slew of superhero titles for Marvel Comics that took a stereotypical clichéandmadeit memorable. The Incredible Hulk, The Avengers (which saw the return of Simon and Kirby's Captain America), Dr. Strange, Spider Man, Iron Man, and The X-Men all garnered a following because of their unconventional and innovative takes on super-heroes. And while other artists may have worked on some of the new titles, it was Kirby's artwork that was most memorable.

Kirby's vision was responsible for taking the outrageous plots and expository dialogue of Lee and turning it into a work of art. In Kirby's perspective, comic book panel's were stretched and expanded. Limbs were lengthened or shortened for dramatic effect. Faces were distorted and contorted. Quietscenes were rendered with simple elegance, while battle scenes were extravaganzas. Under Kirby's unnerving hand, the splash page (full-page illustrations usually containing cosmic-sized fisticuffs) was popularized. Kirby soon became the standard by which comic book illustrators were measured, and deservedly

But Kirby's uniqueness not only revitalized thesales of comics; it also inspired further generations of comic book artists to create their own unique style. Late 60's artists like Neal Adams and Jim Steranko bloomed under the atmosphere of innovation ingrained by Kirby. And today's "hot" creators like Frank Miller, Matt Wagner, and Todd McFarlane acknowledged that it was Kirby who influenced their desire to draw.

desire to draw. In the late 60's, Kirby left Marvel to create his own characters at DC, ranging from The Demon to The New Gods. And while these creations may have paled in comparison to the Lee-Kirby collaborations, they helped change the fortune for DC.

But it was the 1980's that saw Kirby's influence continue on the industry. Kirby's very public struggle with Marvel Comics to regain his original art form from the 1960's Marvel titles galvanized many in the field, finally leading to the current trend toward creator's rights.

Sadly, Kirby passed away on Feb. 6, 1994 in thousand Oaks California. He was 76. Kirby's passing was noted in USA Today and many of the wire services, but largely ignored by the electronic media. At Kirby's memorialservice, Frank Millersaid it best: "(Kirby) was a sunburst, a one-of-akind. He was the greatest artist in the history of (the) field. He brought a vitality to the comic-book page that made everything that came before Kirby seem outdated, and made everything since Kirby reflection, imitation, or, at best, exploitation."

These are those who read modern comics who sneer at Jack Kirby, but the man was called "the King of Comics." That epithet isn't to be taken lightly. In an art form just starting to get the attention it deserves, Jack Kirby was a master.

-Scott Vice

REVIEWS

Welp, with the passing of Jack Kirby, it seems only fitting to look at a couple mainstream comics (the genre Kirby popularized).



SWAMPTHING

Written by Grant Morrison & Mark Millar Penciled by Philip Hester Inked by Kim DeMulder Published by DC Comics/Vertigo

In the middle 19980's, a mostly unknown British writer named Alan Moore revitalized Swamp Thing, leading to a distinguished career. However, after Moore's departure from the title, the character floundered.

But, happily, DCComics wised up to this sorry state of affairs and engaged Scottish writers Grant Morrison and Mark Millar to Salvage the book. And while Morrison and Millar have only done two issues to date, their run looks promising. For those unaware of the history of the character, Swamp Thing was created by writer Len Wein and artist Bernie Wrightson. The swamp monster begar life as scientist Alec Holland, when a lat accident and plunge into a bayou led to his transformation. Under Moore's direction it was revealed that Holland actually died in the accident and the Swamp Thing was actually a plant that thought it had been a man. Or was he?

In the latest story are (which beganii issue#140), the reader is confronted with a very confused Alec Holland, who awak ens in a South American hospital. It seem that Holland has been "researching native plant hallucinogens" and only dreamedo being Swamp Thing. Or did he? While Holland goes about discovering what ha really been happening in his bewildering life, Swamp Thing's human wife, Abby is having portents of evil and the one be nevolentswamp elemental goes on a murderous rampage in the Louisiana bayot country...

If all this sounds a trifle bewildering it's intentional. Messrs. Morrison and Millahave taken everything long-time reader thought they knew about Swamp Thing and inverted it (in much the same way Moore did when he re-did the character) And like Moore, the writers show a gift for good characterization. The confused Hollandisinstantly like able and familiar, while Abby engages our sympathy.

But it's the weirdness and horrific elements being employed that really make this revamping appealing. Grant Morrison is probably best-known for his ground breaking work on DC's Animal Man and Doom Patrol and Fleetway's Zenith. All o these works are distinguished by a tongue in-cheek angst bolstered by an ethereal dream-like quality of imagination. Co writer Mark Miller (who will become the sole writer of the book after the storyline concludes) created The Savior (a super here/horror limited series in which a su per-hero known as the Savior turns out to be the son of Lucifer). This title was one o the more reviled creations in recent year due to its pessimistic view of Christianity butsome(your humblereviewer included found it delightful. Together, the strength of these writers are magnified. The one comforting Swamp Thing has become a horrific creation. Alec Holland's life, seem ingly sublime and beautiful, is now a con fusing world of confused identity and the mysterious link between the animal and plant kingdoms. And it is this element tha is probably most fascinating to the story, a Morrison's fascination with drug trips lend a frightening edge to Holland's voyage o self-discovery.

Providing the pictures for the storyline are penciller Philip Hester and inker Kim DeMulder. Hester has an interesting perspective that lengthens figures and distorts faces, giving the imagery a brooding and claustrophobic look. It's certainly distinctive, but a bit stiff and lifelest at times. Still, it will be interesting to see whether Hester grows with this (his first major comic work). But DeMulder's brust and bit work leave a bit desired in fleshing and bit work leave a bit desired in fleshing

But let's face it: the appeal to this incarnation of Swamp Thing is the perverse direction being navigated by Morrison and Millar. So farit looks like an interesting ride that may be worth the investment. (Color, \$1.95) Grade: B

DAREDEVII

Written by D.G. Chichster Pencilled by Scott McDaniel Inked by Hector Collazo Published by Marvel Comics

Ataround the same time Frank Miller and John Romita, Jr. were tinkering with Daredevil's origin (in the under-appreciated Daredevil: The Man Without Fear miniseries), D.G. Chichester and Scott McDaniel were attempting a similar re-tooling on the long-lived Daredevil title. But unlike the other duo, Chichester and McDaniel haven't a clue what they're doing. And it shows.

Daredevil concerns the adventure of Matt Murdock, a former attorney and crusading superhero whose sole super power consists of enhanced senses following a radioactive accident that left him blind. In the just-completed "Fall From Grace" storyline, messrs. Chichester and McDaniel created a new look for the character (eschewing his familiar red costume for a blue, red, and gray one blended with body armor), returned an old girlfriend (the supposedly dead Elektra), and "killed" hisalter-ego, Matt Murdock (with a ridiculous plot device that served little purpose). This tinkering as supposedly redefined Daredevil for the 1990's as a grimmer, morestreetwisecharacter. Yet given Miller and Romita, Jr.'s success with the character, it's hard to see why this change was

The new storyline, "Tree of Knowledge," sees Daredevil trying to establish a life for himself, while Elektra (once physically deaned) tries to come to grips with her now impure form. Into this milieu come Baron Strucker (a hackneyed expazi villain who has seen action mostly in Marvel's spy comics) and Systems Crash (a cyberpunk super-villain team). seeking to terrorize the United States through the "information highway"...

And yes, the story is as lame as it sounds. Writer Chichester is trying to take the series in a different direction, and for this he deserves credit. It's just a shame that the direction is as bad (or worse) than the floundering state the title was in. Chichester employs every cliché in the book, from numerous guests appearances to over-

wrought melodrama. Yes, this is all largerthan-life material, but it's presented in such a heavy-handed manner that it becomes merely laughable.

Indicative of this is Chichester's dialogue and captions, which are hackneyed and expository. It's bad enough that the plots are lousy, but combined with inefficient verbiage, the effect is rather ludicrous. A good example of this is this exchange between the Black Knight and Daredevil...

Black Knight: Check your horns at the door, vigilante—This is Avengers business now. We'll take care of these people.

Daredevil: You better, hero! Or I'll be back to take care of you. One supposes this could all be forgiven if there were some decent attempts at characterization, but everything is overdone, overwrought, and stary.

Perhaps the only saving grace to all this is the artwork of penciller Scott McDaniel and inker Hector Collazo. McDaniel in particular is responsible for the change in the title. As his style has evoked, any number of fans have been attracted by his eye-catching work. McDanial draws very expressive figures with an innovative layout style and good illustrative movement where McDaniel's ability fails, though, is in quite scenes (and some of the flashier super-heroes who appear in small roles aren't as imaginatively rendered as the more mundane figures McDaniel magnifies). Happily, Collazo manages to smooth over some of McDaniel's edges with a chiaroscuro look that blends big black areas in with the shadows while leaving some lines undefined, making it a world of light and dark shading. It could be argued that McDaniel and Collazo are pirating the style lately adopted by Frank Miller on his Sin City material, but the art is still pleasing to the eye and manages to salvage some of the material.

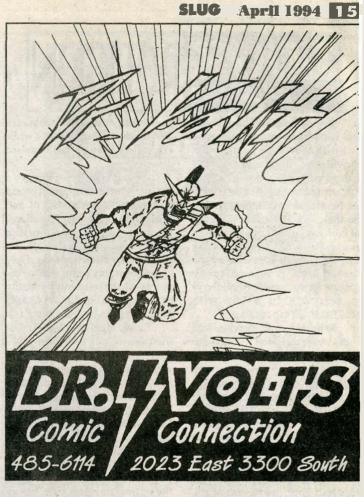
In the end, though, it's not enough to save this story. Basically, daredevil is now enjoying a renaissance based on a cool costume and some pretty pictures. It's a shame comics readers don't demand more for their money. (Color, \$1.25) Grade: D (F for story, B for Art).

AFTER THOUGHT

: As usual, I have a small pile of recommendations for the more discriminating readers. As ever, James Owen's Starchild is entertaining, especially since issue 6 begins to clarify what's really going on (and Owen's art continues to grow progressively stronger). Grendal Tales: Devils Hammer #2 is pretty terrific, too, with thought-provoking story and unusual (but good) art. Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's From Hell continues with Volume Four, featuring all new material.

Butthepickofthemonth, and maybe the year, is Dylan Horrocks' Pickle#3. Ican't recommend this comic highly enough for it's ground-breaking blend of whimsy, fantasy, autobiography, and weirdness. It's hard to describe Pickle, so I'd suggest hunting down a copy or bugging your retailer to order it.

-Scott Vice





LOOK RELIGION

I remember a trip back East a few tears back when I hitched a ride with a few Friar monks outta Providence, Rhode Island. We wound up getting down in Boston with some party-hearty Jesuits. Now these brothers are noted for their near hysterical stretches of faith, so I didn't question their suggestions to check out The Channel, a hard-core club by the harbor. Hell, it seemed pretty natural for a posse of catholic boys to scramble in a pit with MUDHONEY up on stage.

By night's end, my white jazz shoes were splattered wicked with blood, but what really sticks to mind to this day was a lesson in blind faith delivered backdoor. (No, I was not hog-tied and porked by the Friars.) Well the mosh crowd was way jolly, demonstrating their frolly with bonecrushing slams, charges, dives and chops. That Boston crowd coulda put Bruce Lee down. After the first half hour in the crazed pit, my cranium was ringing double time, but thanks to the band, plenty of voltage was available to carry ya through. Anyhow, into the middle of it I noticed outta the corner of my eye a frail angel, a doe-eyed brunette, musta used fake I.D. to get in the door. Her

perky little tits were bobbin' under black mortuary lace, while skinny legs were tip-toein' toward disaster.

Or so I thought as I nudged a sweaty Jesuit and tipped my head her way, like get a load of her. Right then an air time stage diver landed on top of me so fucking hard, thought me bloody neck was gonna snap like a dry twig. Holy Good Jesus, my brain was swimming with the eels. Only by charity of the son of a bitchin' diver did I manage to get back my feet.

Later, sipping a whiskey at the table of our holy host, did I contemplate the faith of the frail angel. What it is, people, is that hell will come crashing down on your stupid head any time you question somebody else's faith. Don't even fuck with it and further more, don't let nobody fuck with yours.

Man, the Catholic Church pissed me off the day they kicked the patron travelers, St. Christopher, off the sainthood roster on account he was more myth than real. Back in'66, this dude was embossed on a bunch of little round brass medallions and hung on 99% of all '55 Chevys cruisin the streets. Sometimes in the seventies, a religious purist came

around and said, "Oh, there's been a mistake. The never existed, he was a goddamn folk tale."

Yeah, so what? That's what half of religion is, a goddamn folk tale! Religious people need not be so hung up on the fact or fiction question. Spiritual stories are to reveal inner virtue, not report on historical accuracies. Hindu scriptures, for example embellish their tales with incredible characters. Take for instance, Ganesha, the boy god with the mambo elephant face. He was defending his beloved mama, Kali Yuga who had gotten into a scrape with three bad dudes named Shiva, Vishnu and Brahmin. Well the brave young pup got his nappy head sliced off taking a stand for his mama's honor. The old broad became so enraged, she was about to take the universe down, so the three heavies called a truce. Their peace offering was to restore life to brave little Ganesha. Unfortunately the kid's head had turned crap, so the appeasing gods swiped me off a passing bull elephant and called it good.

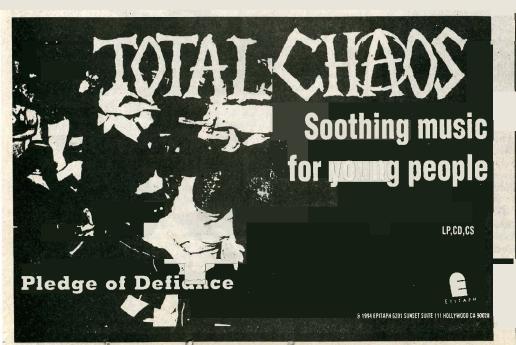
Now you don't see faithful Hindu driving around in Subaru's with bumper stickers that read: GANESHA IS MY BEST FRIEND. Hell no! They might believe he is real and adore the fuck out of him, but more as a mythological dude that a personal savior.

Just as Politics, Law, Sports, Art, Music, Science and Business have a language of their own, so does Religion. While lawyers work like crazy to create confision in order to require them a translators, some established rel gions have copied suit. (Who cam first, the chicken or the shithead But giving benefit to the doub even the worst drugged out hard core punker may be compreher sive enough to do his or her ow goddamn spiritual translating Our many incarnations shoul have been around the block plent enough.

Somewhere along the line everybody is trying to understan an existence beyond the visible observable universe. If you ca hear 'em, look between the line of lyrics of any decent hard-cor band. Shrouded in the angst, ar ger, spit, piss, sweat and chaos a bare bones basic search to ex press the world of ones interio (Ah-hah, that ole IN & OUT URG pops up again!) And no matte how fucking jaded, disgusted of at odds somebody might feel to wards the observable universe deep down in the hard-core, roc gut center there's a system of be liefs that turns one's persona wheel. No matter how outra geously catastrophic the anarch of one's soul finds itself.

Rage on Sisters and Brother and let your screams pulse a pas sion that neither life nor death ca swallow down and turn to shit.

> Love to Love You Bab Amor Padre Beelzebu

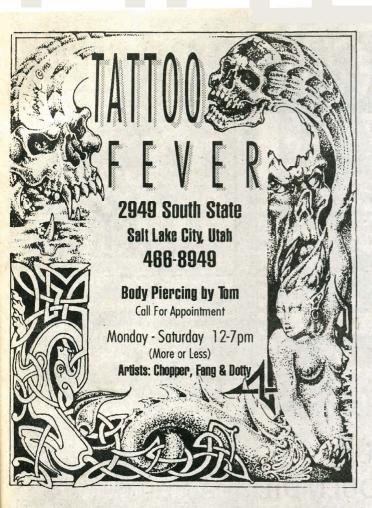


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THE RETURN OF ... BUT IS IT COOL?

"Role Models? We don' need no steenkin' role models!"

When Charles Barkley not-so-eloquently said he wasn't a role model in a Nike ad last year, he was, at the very least, being sincere. Since then, every Tom, Harry and Dick has put in his two cents' worth. Far be it from me to be any different.

"Hah! I'm Kah Muh-Doe for Whore-Diss." This uneducated Louisiana nit wit, who is providing such a great, on television, the reincarnation of all those old racist stereotypes. I mean, an intellectually insufficient Black man eating fried chicken?! Where's the tap-dancing routine and water-melon for dessert, for christ sakes!? Everyone, except for Ku Klux Klanners and Idahoans, is crying at the Amos' n' Andy routine from this dullard, who told interviewers he understand "Salt lake is a pretty nice state when he was drafted by our very own Jazz. And he has the gall to criticize Barkley far not wanting to be a role model!

A disgression: Lest anyone accuse me ofbeing racist, let me point out that I wouldn't consider Larry Bird, the "Hick from French Lick," to be a role model either, especially in light of his famous "We don't like him none too good" comments about Bill Laimbeer some years back. And don't forget Nancy Kerrigan and Tonya Harding, those pillars of good Sportsmanship. If you want to adore the "one with the big teeth" or the "one with the big butt," go ahead.

By now I can hear most of you whining, "Gosh, Mr. Reptile, who can we idolize?" How about yourselves, for starters? Or how about a particularly influential teacher, friend or family member? For some reason, people today are in love with overpaid glory hounds like actors, athletes and musicians and emulate their shallow, pathetic lifestyles. These people don't want your worship, they want your money, you saps!

Before this column gets too serious, let me also nominate myself as being worthy of your worship. This former "alternative cultural icons" can carry a tune, can shout free throws and does some decent impressions of cartoon characters. I'd be willing to accept your financial and sexual favors, even if I don't look too hot in speedos. For sheer sexiness might I suggest Helen Wolf in pasties, writhing to Voodoo Swing tunes?

—Jeff Reptile

PSYCHO GORNER

By J.T. & The Fatman

Firstly, we never meant to start answering letters, but couldn't resist.

—T.D. Wallis...Just barely recovering from your scathing letter. The bite of your sarcasm is only surpassed by your mastery of the English language. "I just got to say?" Did you really think the N.O.W. article was supposed to be funny?

—Winky...Every night before we go to bed we argue over who gets to fuck you first. You see we've renamed our mannequin 'Winky.' Will you marry us? How about a blow job on the toilet while I have my coffee and read the paper? By the way we're not refraining from eating pussy, as a matter of fact you could call us 'The Glazed Donut Twin.' But, if you really do have a dick, we'd suck it in a junkies heartbeat. No matter what sex you are we get hard just thinking of you and your sweat potential. Soon...

TEN GROUPS THAT SHOULD DIE

#1 NAMBLA Any group that has the words "man-boy love" in it...Need we say more? Okay, here goes. Isn't it bad enough that there are too many teenage boys running around thinking they might be gay because some sick fuck tells them to question there sexuality? Do we really need a gang of these baby-butt lovin' queers molesting kids in the name of love? These guys need a serious fist fucking from my man, Mr. T.

#2. P.G.A. The Pro Golfers Association? A) Golf is not a sport. Golf is something that rich, elite, white doctors do while they're thinking up ways to fuck the little guy out of his hard earned cash. Every time I drive by a golf course I play my "Pee On A Porche" game. Fuck these cocksuckers.

#3. W.A.R. The White Aryan Resistance. What superior intellect it must take to use slogans like "kill the nigger." I have some news for ya fellas, Hitler took it in the ass. He was rooting for the pink team. You never see any of these pussies in a predominantly black area do you. No! Where are the Nazis in Harlem? What's the matter, fear got yer dicks shriveled up?

#4. N.S.A. Non-Smokers of America. What a bunch of whining maggots these people are. Second-hand smoke...Fuck You! No Smoking...Fuck you! Lung Cancer is our perogative so kiss my ass, you prick bastards. **#5 The Disco Drippers** Of course, it's not their fault, it's the morons who pay money to see them play. Ever heard of the Pet Rock? Two



words for you...Nice Fuckin Outfit! Haven't seen anything this pathetic since JOEY DON'T YOU NEED TWO BUCKS' last gig. Wait, I feel a tear welling up. I need a hanky.

#6 The I.R.S. So, I haven't paid my taxes for 5 or 6 years. Blow me. Besides, I made all my money selling illegal narcotics to school kids, so maybe you should call your butt buddies at the DEA. (See #7)

#7 D.E.A. The Drug Enforcement Agency. Give me a break. First of all, drug enforce themselves. And, if you could get rid of the drug problem what makes you think the C.I.A (see #9) would let you. Drugs keep happy people happy and stupid people out of the passing lane. Leave it alone.

#8 The Nation Of Islam The white devil this, the white devil that...pretty sad when your own people think you're full of shit, isn't it Mr. Ferrakhan? I think you just have a thing for men kissing your hand. Besides, you offed Malcolm X and everybody knows it. I thought you killed Martin too, but I see he has his own show on FOX...

#9 The C.I.A. So, this is where all the smart fuckers go? Then why is it you have to call in the F.B.I. all the time? That's right you only catch the smart criminals. Like the Zodiac Killer, oops! You couldn't even pull off a simple assassination. But then, you did give us two of the mental giants of our time...Gerald Ford and George Bush.

#10 Queer Nation Ballerinas, Girlscouts and Hairdressers. Tsk, Tsk, Tsk. You're sooood oppressed! Sorry, but if any group of people in this country got fucked, it was the American Indian. And, I mean not by choice. If you wanna suck dick, be my guest. If you wanna get greased up in some bathouse with six other guys, have at it. And if you get beat up, discriminated against and called nasty names, then so be it. It's called accepting the consequences of your actions. So if you wear the dress, be ready to be treated like the bitch you are. But don't worry, you won't be. Stop whining, it's getting old.

Well brethren, that's it and there it is, remember LIFE IS SHORT...STAY HARD,

Feels like a hunger, buried away deep.

I can't breathe, every time I try It Hurts.

So I have to think of different things to trick my mind.

I have to think of the sea. Walking on that bridge. Eating at the Bistro.

Anything, even your screaming, holds some small comfort.

It reminds me of a time when I could deal with you. 🥬 🖟

A long time ago.

And it makes me think of all the stupid things you said.

Wish I could hear them now, but I can't drown out that damn echo. Blink, not that look, not that silly

look of surprise.

to this, did you?

Didn't think it would ever come

The best part was going over it

again and again. Of course you don't care about that. You

seemed way too concerned with your steady loss of air. That

disgusted sound of your throat as your lungs filled with blood. I

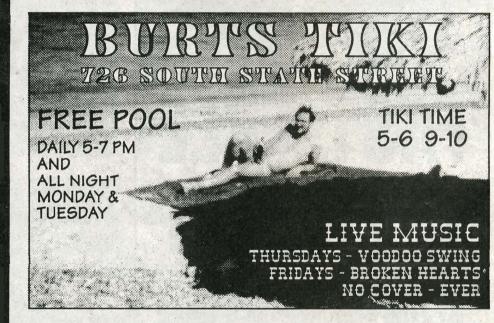
could have sworn you looked at me and said something, but I

wasn't paying attention.

Maybe it was "I love you"

Maybe not.









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MSGELLIEUS

In Response to the N.O.W.I (Feb 94) What's Yo Fuckin' Problem?

I could begin by bashing on your sophomoric sense of witticism. Too easy. How about your eighth grade usage of grammer and syntax? No, too personal. Instead, I choose to address the lack of any intrinsic argument established throughout your February piece.

N.O.W., the acronym, stands for The National Organization FOR Women. In the letter of the February issue of SLUG, you stated, "The National Organization OF Women!! Sounds pretty presumptuous don't it" So right you would be. Forunately however, the exclusivity that is established in your usage of the word OF is not inherent to the word FOR as used by the National Organization FOR Women. Very important. Think about it.

To further establish the lack of homework that went into this poorly thought out, ignoramic piece of sub-culture goggie doo, I present N.O.W.'s mission statement: "To take action to bring women into full participation in the mainstream of American society now, exercising all priviledges and responsibilities thereof in truly equal partnership with men." For all those fair-weather friends that didn't have the opportunity to partake of JT and Fat Boy's barren intellectual landscape, they spouted something to the effect of NOW being biased towards men. Go figure.

Although I would enjoy spending my space defending N.O.W., I don't feel it important to do so. For anyone having read (God, I just can't find it in me to call it an article) your

...piece, it must have been realized right away that you were using NOW merely as a springboard to support your sexist eoistome.

Ostensibly, the brunt of your angst is housed in a deep-seeded, mis-construed understanding of "equality." In providing the reader with an example of the accepted inequality of women, the trite how-many-sets-of-tennis-do-you-play is haphazardly presented. C'mon guys! You could've used water polo or bobsledding or any one of a number of impressive trivia facts but no...

Equation: Equality is likened to symmetry, parallelism. In other words, A and B don't look alike, they don't sound alike, may not even smell alike, but they both are equally important, integral to one another, neither taking precedures over the other. Nobody wants to take away your five sets boys. Play until the cows come home ...in Zimbabwe.

Your priorities are typical. OH NO! You've been "fucked out of a year of Baseball." And as perhaps your entire ancestral line, the sneaky politicians have left the half-brains hoodwinked. As you worry about what the grocery is going to use as a replacement for all of the two-for-one-Dirk's-Field-Give-Aways, Dee Dee sits in her castle really fucking with your lives. You're afraid to address the real issues. Your view is myopic, local.

In conclusion boys, I ask you this question: What do you know about freedom? The last time you checked was it "still a free country?" You two jokers wouldn't know freedom if it came up and bit your "sweaty balls" off.

People aren't laughing with you. They're laughing at you. They're afraid to call your writing trash for fear of insulting all of the other trashy writers out there. Buy another round JT and Fatso.

—Sarah Jolley



SLUG

April 1994

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ICEBURN THE CHANGE TONGUE&GROOVE DROOL WICKED INNOCENCE PLAYGROUND WATERFRONT GAMMA RAYS DECOMPOSERS NOVAGENUS DRAIZE

THE OBVIOUS

(801)GU RECORD LAKE

METHOD ANGER OVENLOAD DROWNED ATHETES BUTT BOHEMIA ONE EYE. THE ID SMELL NSC HOUSE OF CARDS. LUMBERJACK MAYBERRY THE KIL

Rock billity

Well folks, Salt Lake City's rockabilly train is definitely rollin.' Three of the best national acts paid the city a visit in March and there are more to come in April. Also of interest is an appearance not quite fitting the rockabilly style, but one for any roots rock enthusiast. Early in the month, April 8 and 9, The Loved Ones will play the Zephyr club. Their music falls into the rockin' blues category with a nod to the Blaster's sound of 1983.

If you missed the Reverend Horton Heat's third appearance with the Flat Duo Jets that is just too damn bad. The good Reverend puts on quite a show, as anyone who has attended in the past knows, but this time he had the Flat Duo Jets opening for him.

The Duo Jets are a band that fails to fit nicely into any category. A square peg in a round hole if you will. There are only two of them, a drummer and a guitarist. Their live show is mostly instrumental, which is a good thing since the few vocals were muffled by the sound system. The music included so many references from the past that it is impossible to list them here. Part surf, part rockabilly, part jazz and part psychedelic the two of them rocked the rafters.

The Reverend Horton Heat was in his usual fine form and he continues to add new material to his live act. His sound continues to mutate from the original rockabilly emphasis and it is now a fully realized version of high speed thrash-a-billy. The more mainstream musical world has taken notice and the Reverend and company are now signed to a major label, Interscope, with a new album due shortly.

For all those who hate rockabilly and wish that it would quietly enter Elvis' grave and stay dead, you might as well accept the fact that we could be in the middle of a new revival. Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys also appeared in March. They've signed a contract with High Tone and it might just as well be with a major label since High Tone's reputation and distribution are well established.

Big Sandy's show was noth-

ing short of amazing. He no longer plays straight rockabilly. His music is now a concoction of rockabilly, country boogie and western swing. Now, if you hate rockabilly, imagine sitting through a set of country boogie and swing to go with the rockabilly. I'm sure you'd be tearing out hair by the handfuls. Rockabilly is so retro, the beat is so basic, that I'm sure you would fail to notice what the guy with the guitar is doing. On guitar for the Fly-Rite Boys was Ashley Kingman and he is a master. Just because he's chosen to play swing and rockabilly doesn't mean that in a guitar duel, he couldn't embarrass any guitar hero, in any scene going. They'd have to pack their instrument between their legs and slink back to Rafters. He doesn't need any masturbatory gestures or a scrunched up face to impress ei-

Then, on peddle steel for the Fly-Rite Boys, sat Lee Jeffries. I believe Leon McAuliff has been reincarnated. You want peddle steel, turn off KKAT, that shit sucks anyway. Live in silence until April 19 when Big Sandy's new album hits the bins. There's your peddle steel. The Fly-Rite Boys have five members. On drums sat Bobby Trimble and on the string bass was Wally Hersom. Without their contributions it just wouldn't swing. The most impressive member of the band was Big Sandy himself. That's why he's the leader. With a voice recalling none other than Bob Wills, and a true talent for rhythm fills on his acoustic, he made the show. Fuck Vince Gill, the entertainer of the year is Big Sandy.

That takes care of the national acts. As for the locals, if you have yet to see the Broken Hearts please do so the next chance you get. They have booked studio time in April and Salt Lake City will soon have the opportunity to hear the recorded version. If it even approaches the live music, it is guaranteed to be one of the best recordings of 1994. Rockabilly haters listen up. The Broken Hearts play some, but only a touch. Their music is pure honky-tonk. As in Ernest Tubb, T. Texas Tyler, Ray



Price, Hawkshaw Hawkins and the young Eddy Arnold. Hold up, I forgot Lara Jones. Add Patsy Cline, Wanda Jackson, Kitty Wells and Janis Martin to the list. I've already mentioned the modern country hits of KKAT and thinking about the Broken Hearts I need to mention it again. Yo, wake up fool, there's a wave breaking in this country and you haven't caught it. It's called country-beat or for a far more lame expression, alternative country.

Right here in Salt Lake City, riding the crest of the wave are the Broken Hearts. They have yodeling, courtesy of lead singer and guitarist Andy Ballanger, they have fiddle and peddle steel, although, not at the same time, in the person of Jerry Cochran, and they have Miss Lara Jones. When Ballanger and Jones do the male female harmony thing it is time for a double shot of whiskey and a glass of beer to cry into. I don't want to slight any of the other members, it isn't the Broken Hearts without all of them, but on drums, keeping the time in steady, yet customarily underappreciated fashion is my old friend, Max Kaminski. Hello Max and God damn it is good to see you've survived.

The Broken Hearts, if they stay together and on track, are my pick as the band to break the music scene in this city wide open. I missed the Scoffed on Friday night, my apologies to them, I'll catch you next time.

On both Friday and Saturday nights the band preceding Big Sandy was, the by now famous in Europe and unheard of in their home town, Voodoo Swing. Each and every time I've seen them they are better. They've written some new songs and included them in

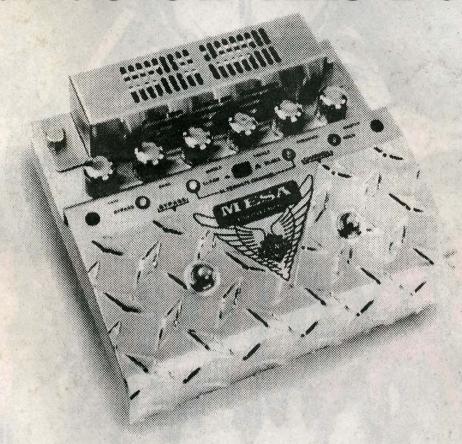
the live show. Shorty, Junior and Leeroy are beginning to lean in the direction of the good Reverend on some songs. The speed is getting up there. They still haven't lost that good old roots sound. Junior is more comfortable with his string bass, remember he hasn't played it all that long, Shorty is, to put it bluntly, another guitar hero, and Leeroy is stretching out with inspired soloing that, while uncommon in rockabilly music, is no less welcome.

Anyone who has yet to pick up the CD, or see Voodoo Swing play live, must exist with their head buried in the tailings of the Bingham Canyon Copper Mine. Pick up the CD immediately and head for Burts on Thursday night for an uncommon sight in a city filled with black-clothed goth-hounds, skaters, gangsters, head-bangers still wearing spandex, garment-wearing hedonists and a thriving local music scene that has remained unrecognized for far too long.

by Wheels



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